

MONTEREY NEWS

AUGUST 1993

THE TOWN

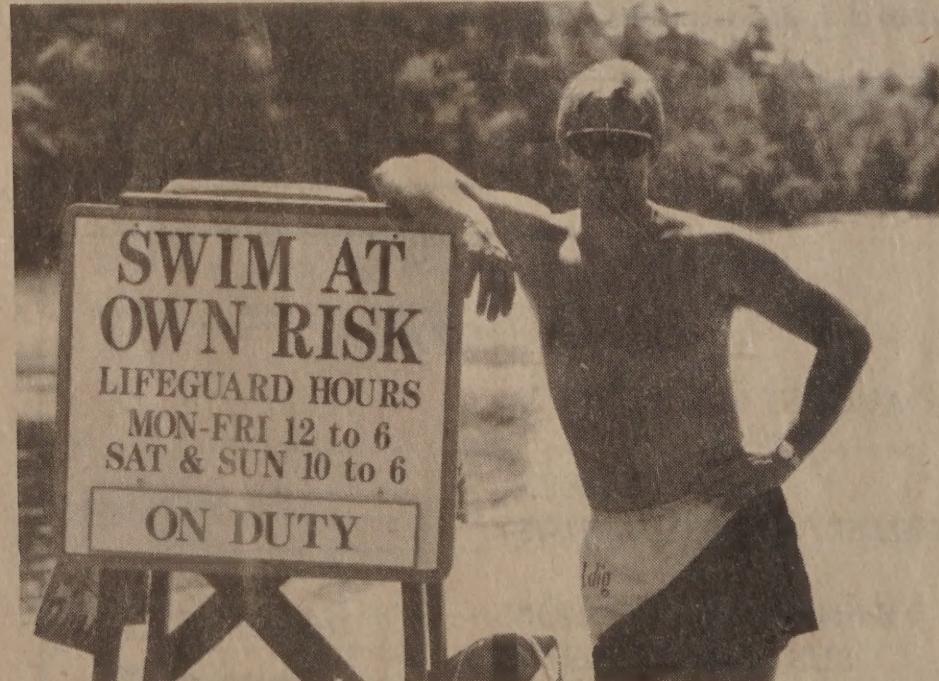
The Board of Selectmen appointed Gareth Backhaus as the town's new Chief of Police. The Board's decision not to reappoint former Chief Gordon Hamm came as a surprise, but Georgiana O'Connell, Chair of the Board of Selectmen, said that their meeting with Hamm was "not confrontational," and there were "no hard feelings." In a telephone interview, Hamm concurred with this characterization of the proceedings. The Selectmen's

reasons for the change involved difficulties in obtaining administrative and scheduling information from the former Chief, and his reluctance to institute a computer system. Chief Backhaus had been serving as Sergeant since June of 1991, and has been on the police force since July, 1988. Backhaus said he was "honored by the appointment," and that he plans to increase his hours to fulfill his many duties as Police Chief. The new Chief also plans to reinstate the practice of granting pistol permits on the first Saturday of each month, 9-10 a.m. at the Town Hall, or by appointment.

tant factor. Elaborating, he said that if it is four in the morning and a motorist is exceeding the speed limit but not endangering anyone, perhaps the Monterey Police would consider being lenient. Chief Backhaus disagreed, stating that "the roads in this area are winding, there are animals around, and if you are speeding you greatly increase your chance of having an accident." He added that his concern is for the safety of the motorist as well as other people and animals. Board members O'Connell and Brown agreed with the Chief, and O'Connell added that the speed limit in the center of town should be more strictly enforced.

The new Chief discussed the enforcement of speed limits with the Board of Selectmen. Noting that Selectman Stefan Grotz had said he does not want Monterey to be known as a "speed trap," Chief Backhaus asked for clarification of what constitutes a "speed trap." Grotz responded that awareness of conditions is an impor-

The Selectmen and the Police Department are concerned about "jay walkers" in Monterey. These are people walking in the roadway, mostly on weekends, and especially on Tyringham Road near the center of town. The Board noted that people walking in the road are likely to be injured,



Lifeguards Keira Ritter and Doug Brown watching over the Town Beach

and ask that anyone walking, jogging, or biking on Monterey roads please stay on the shoulder of the road. Georgiana O'Connell requested that the Monterey Police help enforce this request.

After consulting with Town Counsel, the Selectmen have decided to bring the Monterey Zoning Bylaws into compliance with the Massachusetts General Laws regarding the issuance of building permits. Henceforth, all Building Permit Applications shall be submitted directly to the Inspector of Buildings, since under the State Building Code he is the one to issue building permits. The Selectmen believe this change will simplify the procedure for obtaining Building Permits. The Building Inspector is available at the Town Hall every Tuesday from 1 p.m. until he is finished with his work. As an added bonus, this may end the confusion some folks have had over the difference between the Selectmen signing off on an Application for a Building Permit, and the approval of the Application and issuance of the actual Building Permit.

A recent example of confusion over Building Permit Application versus the signed Building Permit involves Daniel and Marcella Moriarty of Lake Buel. Their Building Permit Application was submitted by Jim Thomas, the builder, for construction of an addition consisting of two

dormers, and expansion of the existing deck on the lake side of the dwelling. On May 25 they were issued a Building Permit on which was written: "Permission to build front and rear dormers only; no additions to be done on lake side." This stipulation was derived from the Monterey Zoning Bylaw, which states that "setbacks notwithstanding, no structure except fences, steps and docks may be erected in the Lake Shore District less than 40 ft. from the mean high water line." The existing Moriarty dwelling is within this 40 ft. zone.

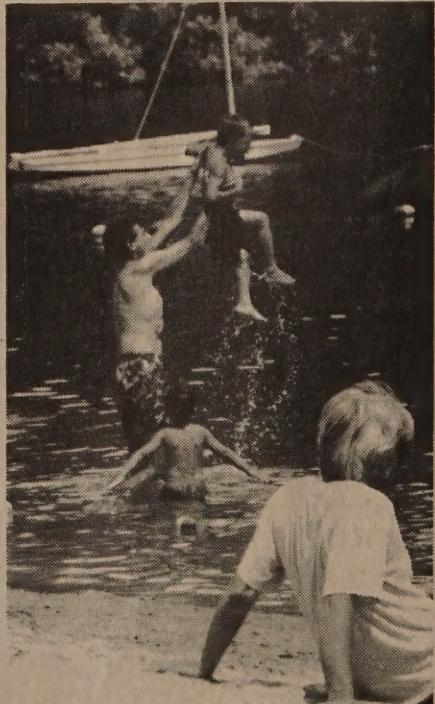
An inspection on June 29 by Carleton Anderson, the Building Inspector, revealed construction on the lake side of the building. He posted a Stop Work Order on the building, and a copy was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Moriarty via certified mail. The builder asserts that he did not see the posted Stop Work Order, and the Moriarty's primary residence is in New Jersey, so their certified mail was not picked up until July 17. A second inspection on July 8 revealed that the work had continued during the Stop Work Order, and a second storey had been built over the lake side addition. Another Stop Work Order, putting an end to all construction, was issued on July 8 and delivered to Mr. Moriarty in person by the Monterey Chief of Police. The Building Inspector has ordered immediate removal of the addition and second storey on the lake side.

Mr. Moriarty also met with the Conservation Commission, and was sent an Order of Conditions on June 29 via certi-

fied mail, but this too was not picked up until July 17. The Conservation Commission then issued a Cease and Desist Enforcement Order, due to work done without adherence to the Order of Conditions. According to Town Secretary Mary Ellen Brown, Mr. Moriarty thought his Building Permit Application, which was signed by the Board of Selectmen, constituted approval for the entire project. It is this specific confusion which the Selectmen hope to avoid in the future with the new procedure whereby all Building Permit Applications are submitted directly to the Building Inspector.

This is the final listing of Building Permit Applications reviewed and signed by the Board of Selectmen. Building Permit Applications will continue to be subject to approval by appropriate Town Boards and Officers. The following Building Permit Applications were reviewed: George Crocco, for the renovation of a screened porch at his house on Point Road, Lake Garfield; Mark Amstead, for the construction of a deck and screened porch at his Route 23 property; Don and Pat Amstead, for the construction of a deck and screened porch at their Route 23 property, submitted by Mark Amstead.

— Maggie Leonard



Kid tossed in lake

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COMPOSTING WITH CET

The Center for Ecological Technology (CET) in Pittsfield is sponsoring the sale and distribution of low cost composting bins. In fact, prices may be lower than you think, because this notice in last month's *News* erroneously reported that the "Brave New Composter" goes for \$26, but in fact it sells for only \$15. It is one of two composting bins offered by CET, and is made of 100% recycled Massachusetts HDPE #2 plastic. The bin consists of a sheet formed into a barrel, and two more sheets formed into cones for the top and bottom. It is adjustable in size, with a maximum capacity of more than one cubic yard, ideal for home composting of kitchen scraps, grass clippings, etc. It is designed for efficient, odorless, and rodent-resistant operation. Fifteen bucks, and not a penny more. The other composting bin available through CET is called the "Earth Machine," which has a locking lid, a door for easy access to finished compost, and is made from material containing up to 50% recycled plastic collected in Massachusetts. This one costs \$20. Low income households may purchase either bin at a \$5 discount.

These bins may be ordered from CET for pickup at the pavilion behind the firehouse on Thursday, August 12 from 6-7 p.m. The pickup will be followed by a free workshop on the nuts and bolts of home composting from 7-9 p.m., same place. To order, or for further information, call Sherill Baldwin at 1-800-238-1221.

TOWN HALL COMMITTEE

This is a call for all part or full time Monterey residents who want to volunteer for a Town Hall Committee to meet on Saturday, August 21 at 2 p.m. in the present Town Hall. We will gather to organize our talents and energies.

Please consider how you could help with site selection, designer selection, legal issues, architecture, allocation and utilization of interior space, office layout and furniture, construction materials, town vault, fundraising, etc.

If you cannot attend but would like to help, please call me at 528-5175.

— Barbara Swann

LAKE GARFIELD

More than fifty people completely filled the meeting room at the firehouse on July 10 for the first meeting of the Lake Garfield Association this season. Announcements were made, including the disappointing news that Senate Bill 931 banning phosphates in most household products died in committee. However, the support we were given by the town at the last Town Meeting in trying to maintain the health of the lake and the safety of people using the lake was very gratifying.

Standing committees reported to the meeting. Patricia Edelstein, fast becoming our self-taught resident limnologist, gave

an interesting and understandable report on the one day follow-up study of the lake. She discussed the general quality of the lake, the role phosphates play in it, the over abundance of pan fish, and the possibility of an algae bloom at any time. She explained how our Lake Garfield Water Watchers, trained at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, can help avoid expensive lake studies, and described the tests that this group is conducting. The Fischer Scientific Company will donate some laboratory equipment needed to conduct these studies. She said drawdown has controlled milfoil very well, but it does not work against pond weed, a seed bearing plant. Benthic barriers could prevent seed bearing plants from growing in beach or docking areas, and we discussed asking the Conservation Commission for a blanket approval which would allow any lakefront owners who so desire to use this method. We were also reminded that the Wildlife and Fisheries Commission recommends that fish from one lake be eaten no more than once or twice a month until the fish in that lake have been tested. Lake Garfield is on the waiting list to be tested.

Paul Carnese reported on his presentation of safety issues to the Town Meeting. Proposals to ban waterskiing in the small part of the lake, and to establish a 10 mph speed limit through the channel were supported by voters. Paul announced that Dean Amidon has been appointed Harbormaster by the Selectmen. New copies of boating and safety regulations will be distributed at the general Store. The entire Association thanked Paul for all his work

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Special Interest or Concern _____

enhancing public safety on Lake Garfield.

Marty Cherneff reviewed his investigation of a new requirement of the Department of Environmental Protection that docks be registered. It is a very confusing process. He provided us with sample application kits (sixteen pages), and copies of his articles in the *Monterey News*. It's now up to each dock owner.

At the conclusion of the meeting a packet was distributed that included a list of phosphate-free products, an article on the care of septic systems, and a questionnaire for all members that will help the Lake Management Committee develop a plan, as well as a flyer about the "In the Good Old Summertime Party" planned for July 17.

Anyone with an interest in the lake is welcome to join the Lake Garfield Association, come to our meetings, and help us in our stewardship of the lake. Our next meeting (and last of the season) will be held on Saturday, August 28 at 10 a.m. in the firehouse. We hope to have a speaker inform us on the variety, design, and care of septic systems, and discuss any new regulations that may be on the horizon.

To join the Lake Garfield Association, simply clip and send in the form on the preceding page.

—Muriel Lazzarini

CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Children's Health Program has now become a provider for families without health insurance. Healthy Kids is for children five and under. Caring Program for Children will cover school children 6-18 years old. For information and an application, call 1-800-221-2259, or Pat Parsons at CHP, 528-9311.

SHARE, a food program designed to help families save up to 60% of food costs, is now available in Great Barrington. Call 528-1881 for information.

The Fund for Affordable Housing is now accepting applications from families

who would be first time home owners, and have a yearly income of \$25,000-\$38,000, to build two modular homes on two wooded sites in the Housatonic area. For information and an application, call Carol Purcell at 528-3498.



Due to the growing number of unimmunized children, and because of a local outbreak of HIB disease in Berkshire County this year, Children's Health Program will ask that all children not receiving routine immunization against communicable disease for any reason other than medical exemption not attend CHP parent-child playgroups. Playgroup leaders will have brochures to help explain and support this policy when the playgroups begin in September. If you have any questions, call Claudette Callahan, Coordinator of Family Services, or Jodi Tuller, Pediatric Program Director.

These are our activities this month:
Parent-child playgroup, Housatonic Playground 11 a.m.-1 p.m. every Tuesday in August.

Fee waiver at Beartown State Park, Monterey, every Monday in August.

Parent-child playgroup, Bryant School Playground, 12 noon-2 p.m. every Thursday in August.

Parent-infant social hour at Lake Mansfield in Great Barrington, 2 p.m. on August 3. Childcare available for older siblings.

Blueberry picking on Mt. Washington, August 4. Meet at CHP at 10 a.m. Bring a picnic and bucket for all those blueberries!

Trip to Holyoke Children's Museum, August 18. Meet at CHP at 8:30 a.m. Call

Ann Miller for more information, 528-0711. This is a wonderful hands-on museum for young children, worth the trip. Bring a picnic lunch.

Thanks to Terri Jo Dixon, one of our playgroup mothers, for this money-saving idea that I wish I'd heard about when my own sons were small: Your kids use toilet paper by the yard. To discourage this, step on the roll to semi-flatten it. Once the roll is inserted in the dispenser, your children will only be able to pull off two squares at a time.

Also, make your own popsicles from leftover juices, jam, gelatin, fruit, applesauce, milk swished in leftover pie juices, yogurt. Place in molds and freeze. Well-washed cylindrical pill bottles with labels removed can serve as

molds. Believe me, children will enjoy these treats during the hot summer months, and they are more nutritious than most store-bought popsicles. (From the *New York Times Magazine*, June 1993.)

— Claudette Callahan

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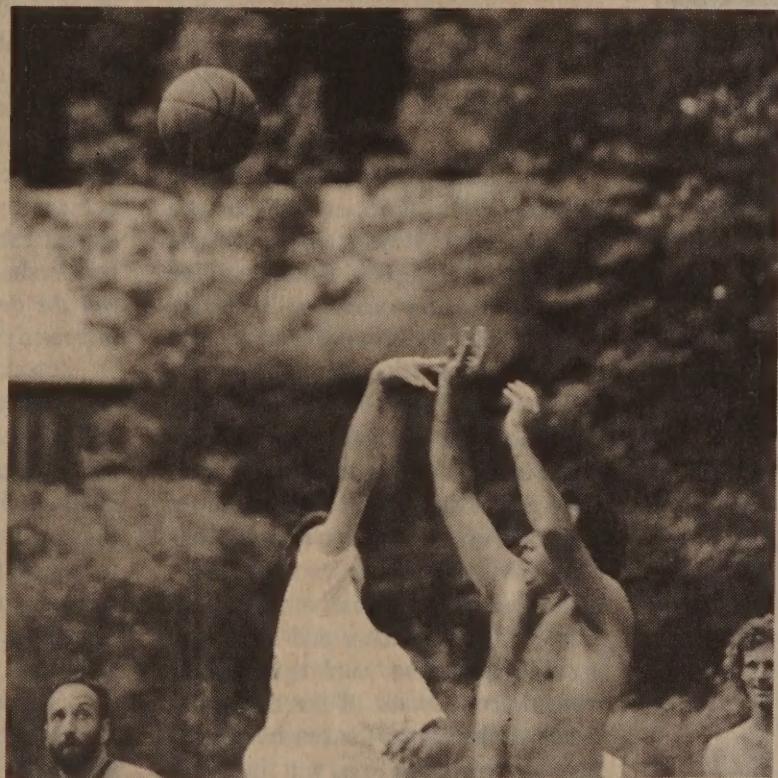
RINK FUND HALFWAY TO GOAL

Contributions from a number of people across town, both year-round and seasonal residents, have netted a total of \$15,000 toward the \$30,000 needed to build an addition to the pavilion behind the firehouse. This is where ice skaters have turned out for the past five years to enjoy all phases of the sport, from team hockey to waltzing, with hot chocolate on the side. New facilities for Fire Company events will take up some of the former skating space, so skaters have organized to expand the pavilion. With continued support from the whole community, an improved facility will be ready for the coming winter. The Monterey Rink Committee thanks all who have given the fund drive such a robust beginning, and offers the contribution form below for convenience. Every \$20 donation will pay for a square foot of the new space; \$180 will buy a square yard.

For details of the project, see the July *News*, pick up an information sheet at the General Store, or call Wayne Dunlop at 528-2138. Make checks payable to "Berk. Taconic Fndn.—Monterey Rink Fund" and send them to Monterey Rink Fund, Box 426, Monterey, MA 01245.

BIDWELL HOUSE

July 10 has come and gone, and The Bidwell House is pleased to report that our first outdoor folk concert was a success! Despite the heat, about eighty people attended, enjoying the wonderful music of the MacArthur Family of Marlboro, Vermont. Many came early, brought picnics, and toured the house and grounds. Thirty volunteers assisted with everything from poster design, ticket sales, and house tours, to parking and clean up. I could never have



Greene Park, any Sunday in the summer

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sq. yds. @ \$180

Total TAX DEDUCTIBLE donation enclosed \$ _____



done it without volunteers, and all went smoothly thanks to them. If you missed the event this year, don't despair. We'll have another folk concert next July.

On Saturday, August 21, 2-4 p.m., The Bidwell House will sponsor a blacksmithing workshop led by Monterey's own Ian Jenkins. Ian has been practising the art for many years now, and has agreed to bring his portable smithy to the museum for a hands-on demonstration. The workshop begins with a tour of The Bidwell House, and a look at the wealth of wrought iron objects in our collection. Then Ian will

demonstrate blacksmithing techniques, talk about the historic role of the blacksmith, and offer all would-be smiths a chance to try your hand at the forge. Reservations are required for this event. Cost is \$5 for non-museum members, and \$3 for members. Rain date is Sunday, August 22, same time. For further information, or to make reservations, call 528-6888.

Just a reminder: The Bidwell House is open Tuesday-Sunday, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Admission is \$4 for adults, \$3 for seniors, and \$2 for children.

— Lisa Simpson



COMMUNITY DINNER

The dinner on July 10 was a great success! People sat around after a delicious dinner to listen to Brian Snyder, Executive Director of Gould Farm, speak about "This Year at Gould Farm." The talk brought several questions from the audience.

— Joan W. Reed

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Our next Community Dinner is Wednesday, August 11 at 6:30 p.m. Please bring a dish to share and your own table setting. After dinner we will hear a talk by Larry Bates, who will show slides of Everglades National Park, and discuss its diverse plant and animal life, and its current ecological status.

These monthly dinners are a great way to meet your neighbors, taste many new dishes, and hear an interesting talk. Everyone is welcome! For more information, please call 528-6888.

— Lisa Simpson

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On Friday evening, August 20, the Monterey Historical Society will sponsor a program titled "Researching Your Old House." Lisa Simpson, Director of The Bidwell House in Monterey, will offer her professional expertise, suggesting research procedure, what to look for, and where to find it. She will touch on documents helpful in dating, and point out architectural details useful in determining age and style. Historic structures can be dated to time of origin, but every building has its own history of changes, additions, and even deletions. Lisa will provide an overview, and draw on her experience and training to provide guidelines and tips for the homeowner. Details of her current research on the former Lankenau house on Beartown Mountain Road will fill out her remarks with specific illustrations.

The program begins at 8 p.m. in the General Knox Museum, next to the Monterey Library in the village center. The public is cordially invited to attend and bring pictures of "your old house." For information, phone 528-3698.

— Cynthia Weber

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RABIES STILL EPIDEMIC

Monterey's seasonal residents must be warned that there is currently a rabies epidemic in the Berkshires. Pets should be vaccinated before coming here, as state authorities are contemplating fines "up to \$10,000" against owners who carry pets exposed to rabies across state lines without first keeping them in quarantine. Severe fines simply reflect the seriousness of this disease.

Rabies is a virus that affects the nervous system of mammals. Untreated, it is always fatal. It is spread by a bite or scratch from an infected animal, so pets must be restrained, and fed indoors to avoid contact with wild animals. Dazed, distressed, or otherwise abnormal behavior in a wild animal may be a sign that it is rabid. If your pet is bitten by a rabid animal, and it has a current rabies inoculation, it will get a booster shot, and probably be quite all right. *But the pet has to be quarantined and inspected once a week for three months.*

If your pet is *not* currently inoculated, and is bitten by a rabid animal, authorities will ask that you put it down. If you refuse, the pet must remain in quarantine for *six months*. Rabies causes great suffering. Sometimes the virus moves slowly through the bloodstream to the spinal cord or brain, where the disease takes hold. Animals can be infected without showing symptoms for some time.

Dale Duryea (528-9335), Wildlife Protection Officer in Monterey, and Martin Clark (528-6694), the Dog Warden in Great Barrington, are trained to deal with rabid animals. Call them at any time. Dale can also be reached by radio dispatch (1-442-0512), or (by touch tone only) at 1-800-8058. At this last number you'll get a tone, then be told to dial your own number and hang up. Dale will call back.

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MONTEREY GRANGE

The Monterey Grange No. 291 met on July 21 for a summer fun night. Proceeds from the public card party will be donated to Southern Berkshire Transportation for the Elderly. More than eight hundred cookies were recently turned over to the Red Cross Coffee Hour at the Veterans' Hospital in Northampton. The date for the annual food sale is August 21, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. on the lawn at the Monterey Library. Master Tillie Butler, Lecturer Mary Wallace, and Flora Alice Shaffer recently attended the "Sound of Music" program by the Granby Grange. Charles Knight was elected Assistant Steward of the Monterey Grange. The next meeting will be August 18. Youth from area granges will conduct the meeting and furnish the program.

— Mary Wallace, Lecturer

CHURCH NEWS

Every day I look forward to one particular ritual of life here in Monterey—checking the mail. You never know whom you'll run into or what will await you in the mail box. As pastor of the church, I receive a great deal of unsolicited mail, most from religious organizations, and many of them part of the "religious right," the ultra-conservative wing of the church. One recent newsletter article announced that the end of the world is near because it had been discovered that the number 666 (signifying the Satanic beast in the book of Revelation) is found on every uniform price code printed on products scanned by computers at grocery stores. So if you're into preparing for the "end times," you'd better get your house in order because Jesus is coming soon. You'll have to excuse my cynicism, but I find it difficult to flee to the hills because a computer programmer somewhere chose 666 as a computer code. Perhaps the world would be a better place if we would focus on the potential of living each moment in love and compassion rather than looking for its demise in order to set us free from (what some believe to be) our earthly bondage.

A humorous anecdote came in a monthly magazine for clergy. A minister explained, "I have been working hard on my Personal Information Form (resume)

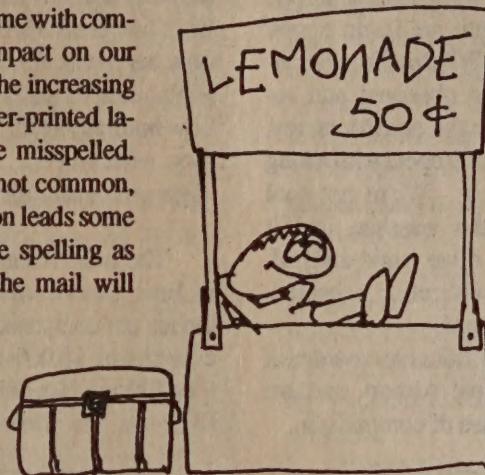
narrative statement. My computer uses Word Perfect, and when I hit my spelling checker key, it said the word "pastoring" was unknown. The checker suggested the following alternatives: pasturing, pestering, and posturing. After a good gut laugh, I realized how true it is." I agree. It certainly keeps a pastor humble.

Keeping in theme with computers and their impact on our lives, I've noticed the increasing number of computer-printed labels with my name misspelled. True, my name is not common, and its pronunciation leads some people to guess the spelling as Airy or Ary, but the mail will come to Aries, Cheery, Cary, or even Hairy. Enough said!

So every day brings a new adventure with the U.S. Postal Service. I realize they're not responsible for the content of my mail, just delivery. It's good to know that I can receive anything, from anywhere in the world. Of course, it may take a day or two, or three or more. For most of us this is sufficient. But in this era of instant communication, it's good to know that we're just a telephone call away. We can "reach out and touch" someone at any time, even when the other person may not want to be "touched." But the new reality of life is that many are now just a FAX away. How on earth did we

ever exist before the invention of the FAX?

With all these communication devices at our beck and call, one question arises: Wouldn't it be great if we could contact God as easily? Well, now you can! One of my monthly magazine subscriptions brought me this information:



The Israeli national telephone company will now accept, at their designated phone number, FAXes to God. You read it right. Now you can FAX your gratitude, desire, hope, or whatever you want to the national phone company of Israel, and a discreet employee will take it to Jerusalem's West-

ern Wall (or Wailing Wall), and join it to the other hundreds of hand-written messages to God daily placed into this holy shrine.

It seems to me that the post office is missing a great opportunity here. Imagine! God with a holy address. I only hope that the name is spelled correctly. Well, until God receives a personalized zip code, I think I'll use the old-fashioned form of communication—prayer! Sometimes the old-fashioned ways are best of all!

— Cliff Aerie

MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

What name do you call God?

What is the name that rises out of your heart of hearts when you address God?

Live with the question for a while.

Discover the name that you call God.

Use the name in your prayers and meditation.

Explore the meaning of your name for God, its nuances and its subtleties.

Celebrate your discovery.

And then ask yourself,

"What name does God call me?"

— Beth A. Richardson

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EVERY SUNDAY AT 10 A.M.

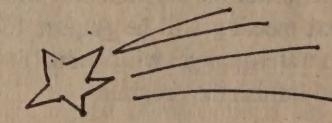
THE OBSERVER

The Midwest has a flood worse than any since Noah was an old man, while here it feels more like summer in San Diego than the northeast corner. How dry is it really? How hot or cold? At least one person in town keeps an accurate record of the weather, so this month we begin a new column, sister to our Wildlife Survey: atmospheric conditions observed and recorded on a south-facing slope in Monterey, partly wooded and partly open, with a long view to the southwest. We're not fool enough to predict the weather, and it wouldn't be any use if we could and did, given our relaxed publication schedule. This is just for the record.

A few of these statistics are recorded at the Pittsfield Municipal Airport, and are given here for purposes of comparison.

High temp. (6/18)	88°
Low temp. (6/3)	40°
Avg. high temp.	78°
Avg. low temp.	53°
Avg. temp.	65°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	63.5°
Precip occ.	8 days
Total precip.	2.875"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	4.13"
High bar. press. (6/17)	30.32
Low bar. press. (6/10)	29.80
High humidity (6/7)	100%
Low humidity (6/3)	51%
Avg. wind speed.....	7 mph
High wind gust (6/22)	42 mph

The most common cloud formations in June were cirrus and stratus. Cirrus clouds are composed of ice crystals at elevations of 18,000 ft. and higher. They look fibrous, like delicate white strands or filaments, the effect of winds that stretch



falling ice particles into the streamers we see from the ground. Cirrus clouds usually signal fair weather when winds are from the west and north. Sometimes they form wispy white bands called mares' tails, which may signal the approach of a warm front in advance of a storm system.

August is the month for seeing meteors in any year, but this year, according to Storrs Olds, who noticed an article on the Perseid meteor showers in *Harrowsmith* magazine, we will be treated to the "best show in the twentieth century." On August 11 and 12 they will be "pelting down in countless profusion" just after dark. In other years we might see thirty shooting stars a minute; this year there will be up to a hundred.

DEAR MONTEREY NEIGHBOR,

We would like to report to you that the response to last month's Service Shares article was encouraging. To date (i.e. July 18) we received a total of eight commitments in addition to a previously committed five people from the "inner circle."

What we did not get yet were any phone calls asking for labor to be "delivered." All you have to do is call the service coordinator Monday through Friday, from 8:30 to 9:30 AM at 528-9636, and let us know the task or tasks you would like done.

Also, if you are thinking about participating in the Service Shares program, please fill out the coupon below and mail it to us. If you need more information on this please refer to last month's (July's) Monterey News, or call the coordinator and ask her or him to send you a copy of the article.

We're looking forward to hearing from you!

THE MONTEREY SERVICE SHARES COMMITTEE

Yes, I will participate in the Monterey Service Shares!

I could offer the following services: _____

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THE MULLEIN PLANT

I have often marvelled at how the mullein plant comes up in woodland openings all over our region after logging, road building, or other disturbance that opens up the forest canopy above and scratches the soil below.

Common mullein, *Verbascum thapsus*, belongs to the snapdragon family, has a yellow, clublike flower head and large, flannel-textured leaves that flow into the stem. The plant can grow well over six feet tall, and its somewhat woody stem can even make a walking stick. The leaves are said

to have been used medicinally and as wicks in oil lamps by our colonial predecessors.

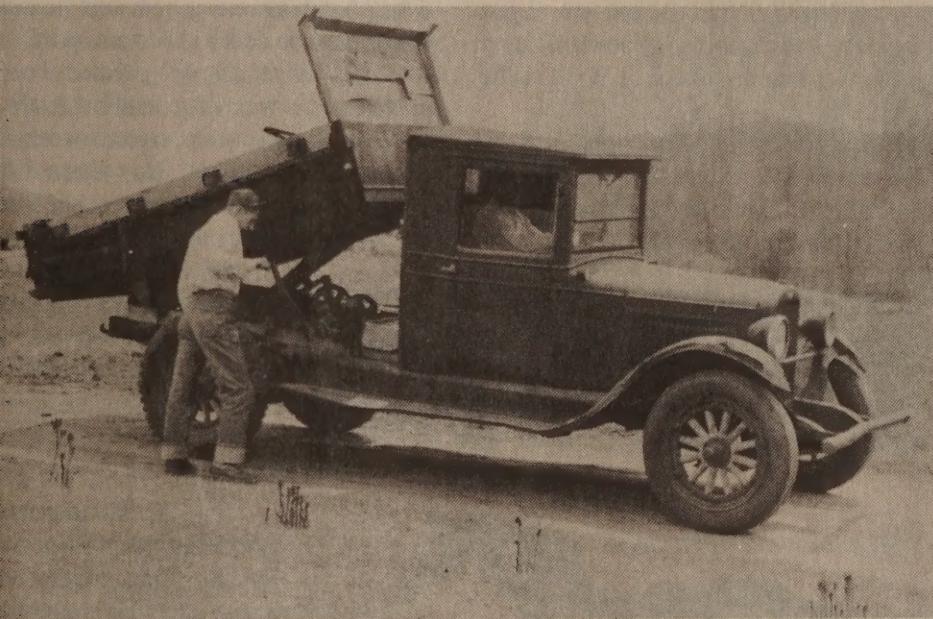
Yet what strikes me most about mullein is the long vitality of its seed. Mullein is an alien, an exotic brought over (mistakenly or by design) by the early settlers. It is unlikely to become a naturalized woodland flower because the seed requires bare ground open to the sky for germination. In the eighteenth century, when the land was cleared of trees and farmed, the mullein began growing in pastures and other disturbed sites, and so spread across the countryside as farmers and settlers extended their domain. Westward migration, aided by the developing railroads and the open-

ing of the Erie Canal in 1825, drew enterprising farm families away from the rocky hilltowns of New England. The result was abandoned farmland, eventually succeeding to forest. The mullein was shaded out and seemingly disappeared where the trees now grew. Yet the mullein seeds in the soil waited and waited for some disturbance to open up the forest floor to sunlight. Even after as much as a hundred years of dormancy—a hundred years of being covered by snow, soaked by the spring thaw, dried in the summer heat, and so on—when conditions once again were just right, the seeds sprouted and mullein grew.

Undoubtedly the seeds have a tough old coat to weather so many vicissitudes. I read a number of years ago that soil was dug away from under a European castle in existence for some seven hundred years. You can guess that mullein sprouted from this very soil!

Nature offers us many lessons, and has long been used in parables and sayings. You can draw your own inspiration from the mullein seed. I think of it in terms of patience and fortitude, the vital force or desire of life to carry on.

—Robert Rausch



ELEANOR KIMBERLY

Ron Kimberly is in the cab of their 1928 Chevrolet dump truck, and Bob Kimberly's cranking up the body to dump. The truck's previous owner was Clarence Wellman.

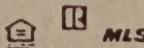
Photo from the 1950s.

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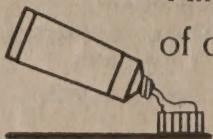
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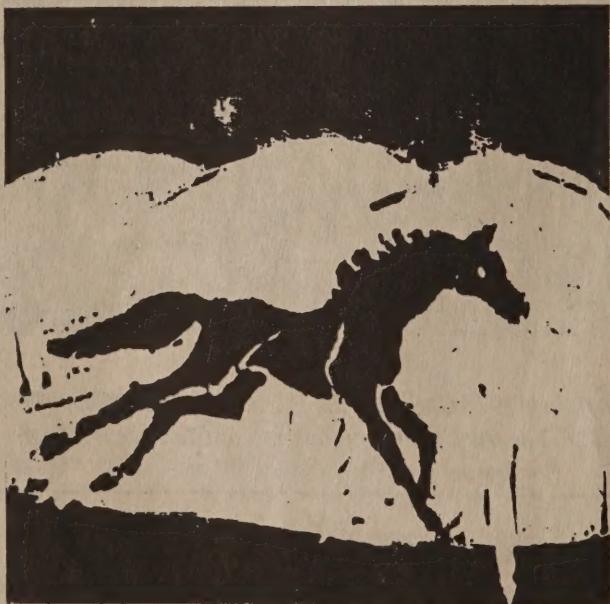
WILD LIFE SURVEY

Mammals

Our most "in town" bear this year was spotted by Judy Hayes in her back yard on June 29. She heard a thrashing around in the bushes near her porch, and a head popped into view. Judy's cat confirmed that it was a bear, and both cat and bear departed from the scene in different directions. Mike Mielke went down there and got a brief look at what seemed to be a yearling. Ron Kimberly saw a bear hit and disabled by a car in Sandisfield. Help arrived quickly, the bear was anesthetized and taken to a veterinarian.

On July 1 a bobcat appeared on Art School Road. Lisa Simpson saw it just opposite the entrance to Meadowlark Camp as it went into the woods at 10:30 in the morning.

Beavers are patrolling Lake Garfield. The Shepards have seen them off Elephant Rock Road and the McAllesters have seen them at the east end.



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Birds

A robin has built her nest only two or three feet from the ground in a spruce tree near Eleanor Kimberly's house, and Eleanor has heard of another such unusually low robin's nest near the East Otis Reservoir. She has had chickadees in her birdhouse for the first time. Some of those self-domesticating turkeys flew onto the Bach's porch roof and inspected their house through the upstairs windows about the end of June. On July 8 Joe Baker saw another turkey and very small chicks on Route 23 near the lake view. David McAllester saw tree swallows competing with bats for the mosquitoes at the east end of Lake Garfield June 22. Usually the bats appear when the swallows desist, but this evening both kept hunting until it was too dark to tell them apart.

Other birds, July 4: pileated woodpecker, cedar waxwings, catbird feeding her young, oriole, veery, ravens, ovenbird, warbling vireo. July 8: blue jays noisily launching their young, and phoebe feeding their young after they'd left the nest.

Correction:

House sparrows, not chipping sparrows, pre-empted one of Joyce Scheffey's bluebird boxes.

Flowers

June 26: tartarian honeysuckle, swamp azalea, cow parsnip, water polygonum, yellow and white water lily, bladder campion, bedstraw, meadow rue. June 30: white clover, brown-eyed Susan, mullein, alfalfa, wild carrot, tall buttercup, panicled dogwood, sumac, elderberry, sweet clover. July 4: honewart, chickory, partridgeberry, yarrow, nettle.

July 9: pipsissewa, swamp candle, nightshade, meadow sweet, pokeweed, wild parsnip, meadow pink in profusion, Canada lily, wood lily, wood anemone.

— David P. McAllester



POEM WEATHERS DECADE

We live in the age of acid-free paper, the refuge of writers, publishers, librarians and others concerned with the life of words who want the ultimate in longevity on the page. Monterey poet Mark Mendel prefers to sidestep the tradition that commits words to paper and books. His poems have been flown, beamed, lit, carved in stone, hung on billboards, scrawled on urban walls, and painted across the sides of barns. The words get a life more like our own: some will live a very long time (when did you last use the phrase "written in stone" and what did you mean by it?); some have very short, spectacular lives (a poem dealing with television once flew behind an airplane circling the Super Bowl at game time); and some appear in the landscape (or cityscape), then fade more or less quickly from exposure to the elements and the whims of people.

One of Mark's poems in four seasonal verses is painted on four different barns outside Red Wing, Minnesota. It was part of a language exhibition sponsored by the Minneapolis College of Art and Design and the Walker Art Center in 1983. Chuck Haga, who writes for the *Minneapolis Star Tribune*, went out to check up on the work for its tenth birthday. He writes:

Two of the verses have faded but remain legible. A third survived indifference and a paint job. But when Dan Mjolsness needed more stalls for his thoroughbred racehorses some years back, he built an addition to his horse barn that obscured most of the winter quarter of Mendel's poem.

"It pulled at the strings of my heart to do it," Mjolsness said. "But I needed more stalls, and there wasn't anywhere else to put them... It's very nearly caused an accident. There's been lots of squealing tires. People come to the door and they want to know the rest of the words."

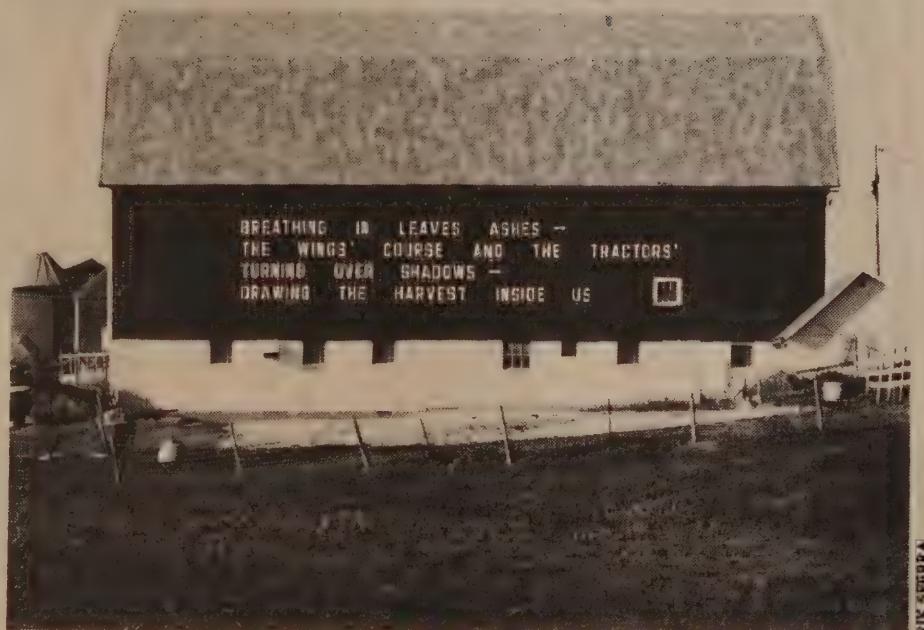
So he memorized the wintry lines.

Sitting at his kitchen table, his hands folded and his eyes on the crops of early summer outside, he recited:

*Wind walking after the storm
Tracks filling with moonlight—
Stars in a mare's silhouette—
Fenced snow waits for dawn.*

Mendel said he isn't troubled by what's happened to his verses...

"One of the reasons people like old barns is that the wood weathers. They're like us. We weather and fade and disappear."



The fall verse on Leonard Dicke's barn south of Red Wing, Minnesota

For Mark, writing for the environment differs from writing for the page. "It's an example of what public art can be: writing for everybody, for a more democratic audience than you get at a poetry gathering... If you put a poem in a public place, it's up to the writer to write in such a way that the work can keep being new. It can have many meanings. You can find one and come back later and find another."

Chuck Haga found that different people find different meanings as well. One Minneapolis critic thought it was weak art. She noted that another nearby barn says "Beech Nut" and that this was "in many ways the artistic equal of Mendel's work," to which Mark might well answer "Right on!" with a slight twang retrieved from rural Georgia where he grew up in a time when barns often advertised tobacco. He's not the only one. Richard Walter, the Goodhue County extension agent who helped locate the barn-sites for the verses in 1983, made the same connection in a positive way: "For me, it

brought back a little nostalgia for my younger days, when you had signs on a lot of farm buildings. Most of that was advertising, of course. This poetry is probably a little bit deeper. You have to think about what you're reading."

These are the lines dedicated to summer:

*Green lit limbs fan glances—
Shirtless contours in the downpour—
Ancestors folded into valleys—
Honey in the burning hive.*

Leonard Dicke, who owns the barn with the fall verse, said, "I wasn't too hep on it. To me, it's like modern math." But his wife liked it, and when the time came for fresh paint, she saved the poem. "It would have been painted over the last time we painted the barn, about five years ago," Leonard said, "but the wife said no, so we painted around it. Took a lot longer."

— Pete Murkett

ENIGMA

*My first is in fun, not in laughter,
My second's in late but not in after.
My third is in over, not in under,
And my next is in shower tho not in thunder.
My fifth is in tree, also in flower
My sixth not in minute but it is in hour.
My last is in stars, not in moon.
Can you find the answer very soon?
What am I?*

— Eleanor Kimberly

Find the letters that spell the answer
(hidden elsewhere in this issue).

CAT ON THE ARK

*Outside the glass
between wet mouse and mockingbird
delicate feet meet cedar wood
while whiskers twitch once.*

*Ochre eyes absorb the light. Twin
constellations of concentration
pale into topaz
as grooming begins.*

*Swift tongue civilizes fur
above the rush of rising water.
With fingers wider than this windowsill
the rolling Mississippi bloats by.*

— MaryKate Jordan

*I run the grill at Roadside Store
I make your breakfast every day
No time to frolic or to play
I run the grill at Roadside Store*

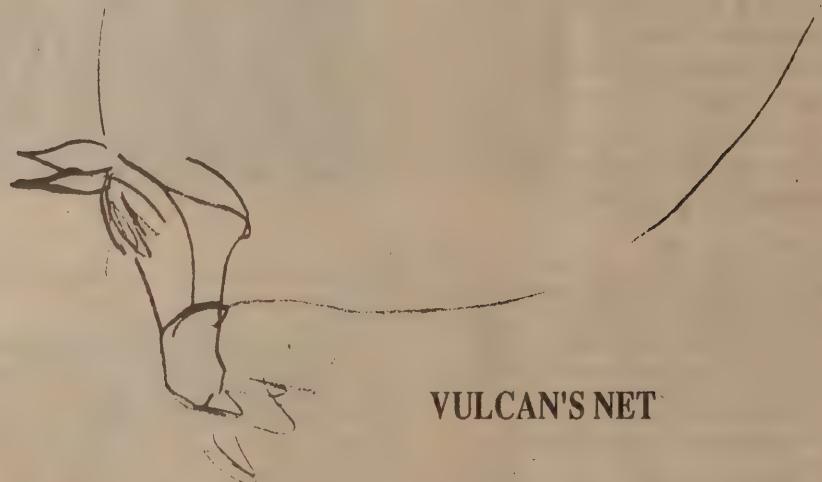
Up every day at half past five

*Measuring the gas before it's light
Driving the van can be a fright
I run the grill at Roadside Store*

*There are some hunters dressed in green
Come in from hunting in the woods
They travel here from near and far
They have a moose strapped to their car*

*I stand here daily at my grill
Toasting the bread and cooking eggs
Not very easy on my legs
I run the grill at Roadside Store*

— Anonymous



VULCAN'S NET

*The fisherman is poised on the reef
Of surging, blue Hanauma Bay,
Holding the folded toils of net.
Suddenly his dark arms flash out:
The net blossoms, falls, and sinks.*

*My bed-making partner of fifty years
Stands across the wide expanse,
The homespun bedspread in her hands.
With a lift and snap it flies aloft
And settles just where it should lie.*

— David P. McAllester

WAITING FOR FRENCHY

*She sat there waiting for Frenchy,
and for the painter's race to begin.
Who could capture the fastest landscape,
the quickest Mona Lisa's grin?*

*Then suddenly here comes Frenchy,
his jet black beret and cloak.
His twin turbo charged airbrushes,
And his power easel bored out of oak.*

*Frenchy looked the competition over:
two impressionists and one surreal kid,
and he knew then and there that his pointillistic fame
would bowl them over like it always did.*

*"Ah weel paint zee fastest peecture,
wit all zee colors zat ah know.
And you weel see zat ah meen a whole lot more
zen you find in any puny rainbow!"'*

*She sat there waiting for Frenchy,
when the painter's race was done.
And she didn't have to see the big trophy in his hand
to know that her Frenchy had won.*

— Barracuda Bill Beams



MY CHILDHOOD HOME

*The old home has been remodeled'
Where I spent my childhood years
In those carefree days of growing up,
Of joys and childish tears.
The row of elms that edged the lawn
Now numbers only two,
And the driveway's changed location
As driveways sometimes do.
The horse barn, hog house, tool house sites
Now all with grass are green.
Buildings no longer hide the view
To mar the woodland scene,
The cow paths in the pasture
Have since grown high with brush
And up the hill a highway climbs
Where woods once hid the thrush.
I'm glad they fixed the old place up;
It needed it, I know,
But I miss the sleighs and surrey,
And the whips hung in a row,
The harnesses in neat array
On pegs along the wall,
And the hens, the cows, and horses;
Somehow I miss them all.*

*Astoundingly to chance the tree trunks shine, rearing upright
scoop back bellyfools of red light naked in the brush
as in a game with fire tamed at the surface blazing away
mirrors of themselves in their altogether substance
joined at the root in a supervention of permanence there, rosy.*

(MORNING.)

— Stefan Brecht

— Eleanor Kimberly



WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

Jana and Royal Shepard

Many of Monterey's summer residents are descended from a new wave of "pioneers" who settled here in the 1920s and '30s not on farms, but in summer cabins. Wherever their careers took them across the country, they and their descendants returned to Monterey; for many of them it was the place they thought of as "home." The Elephant Rock community has a number of such families who have been returning for four or five generations.

Jana Shepard's grandfather, Herbert Peterson, was a newspaper owner and publisher who lived in New Haven. He was "a friend of a friend" of the Elephant Rock founder, Dr. Robert Brown, with whose help he bought land across the lake from Parker's Cove and Monterey's other great boulder, Bullhead Rock. He already had a cabin on Lake Champlain, and he exchanged it with the friend, who provided two college boys to build a replica on Lake Garfield. The story goes that the builders were inexperienced, and had to make several trips to examine the first "Peterson's Camp" in order to get the details right on its duplicate.

Olive Davis, President of the Elephant Rock Association for more than thirty years, bought the camp from her father in the late 1930s and gave it to her daughter Jana in the 1970s. It was Jana's home for the summer, spring and fall for much of her childhood; she even had part of her third grade education at the Monterey School. She was also a day-camper at Fernway Camp, just down the lake, and still remembers Dr. Ives' wor-

ship services, which included his own homilies on nature and readings from Thornton W. Burgess.

A snake on the Peterson's dock led to Jana's introduction to Royal Shepard. The snake bit a visitor, Royal's classmate at Trinity School in New York, and Royal wrote a satiric poem about the event. Later the visitor told her about the poem and introduced her to the poet. Jana went to Swarthmore and Royal went to Haverford; the Monterey connection bridged the short distance between these two Quaker institutions so effectively that the two young people were married in Jana's senior year. Royal made his first visit to Monterey in 1949, just before they started graduate studies. She took a degree at Columbia in social work while he studied at the Union Theological Seminary. He was ordained, and served in the ministry of the United Church of Christ. Some years later he completed a doctorate at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California. Ministerial assignments took the Shepards to Sacramento, Wisconsin, and for twelve years to Duluth, Minnesota, where Royal was Senior Pastor at the Pilgrim Congregational Church. In addition to his ministry, he has also taught "here and there;" he specialized in courses on the history of leaders in liberal theology and spiritual theology. In the 1960s he published a number of articles on theology and also on the understanding of prayer.

The Shepard family began to grow with the arrival of Alice in 1951. She was followed by Melanie in 1954, Royal III in 1957, and Elizabeth in 1960.

As the children grew older, Jana found

time to supervise child welfare programs in California and Wisconsin; she taught at the University of Wisconsin at Superior, and at SUNY in Brockport, New York. She was in charge of social work at both universities and was chair of the department at SUNY. She retired from teaching and administration in 1992, and they now live in Royal's boyhood town, Montclair, New Jersey. Among other interests in her retirement, Jana is on the Bereavement Team of Hospice, Inc. in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

The family has had interesting travels. Jana and Royal took the three younger children on a Mediterranean cruise and motor trip in Europe. They visited Royal's mother's Dutch relatives on the Netherlands-Germany border. Another time they stayed ten weeks at Bath on an exchange with an English minister. Yet another trip took them to the village of Ardee in Ireland, the home of other family ancestors. This is the source of the present name of the old Peterson's Camp on Elephant Rock Road.

Alice (Roth) is now a technical writer at Computron. Melanie has married but keeps her maiden name; she is Associate Professor Social Work at the University of Minnesota. Royal Shepard III is a financial analyst. Elizabeth is a curator at the Chapman Museum in Glens Falls, New York. She was a volunteer worker in three museums during the family stay in Bath!

Royal is not now active in the church. His early delight in poetry has continued through the years and become a principal interest. He won the Haverford Prize in



Poetry when he was an undergraduate, and he won first prize in the Chapbook Competition held by the poetry magazine *Embers* in 1991. Further encouraging recognition came in 1993, when he won second place (and \$500!) among 700 entries in the Nimrod-

Awards, sponsored by the Arts and Humanities Council of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Royal's current project is a group of poems under the title "Going Back," a return after forty years to favorite places, and to the meditations that have always engaged him as a poet. His latest collection is called *Time's Pickpocket*, published this year by University Editions, Huntington, West Virginia.

The Shepards' comment on changes in Monterey: "The lake is quieter now than it was in the '60s. The summer camps have disappeared and we have fewer families

whose jobs permit the whole summer off. On weekdays you often feel that you have the entire place to yourself."

Now as the children and grandchildren come back to visit, Monterey means as much as ever to the family. It's significant that Royal and Jana have recently built an attractive addition to "Ardee" that is weatherproofed for winter occupancy. In different ways for the different generations this historic cottage in its garden and arboretum setting is a living presence for the Shepards of Elephant Rock Road.

— David P. McAllester

THE LAKE

*Standing after decades at the end
of the dock, he was old*

*enough to know that truth
is mostly trite, experience*

hackneyed. Still flashbacks

*startled him. Now on a day
blue and white, ancient*

*voices of his children seemed
a tired movie trick.*

*But he heard
them shouting and he saw*

their faces through the splashing.

*All was quiet then,
all things passed in the flat*

*flow. The childhood of his children
passed, their pristine glee washed
out.*

Only he held

*The echo of their laughter
amid the standing hills.*

— Royal Shepard

From Time's Pickpocket

CONTRIBUTORS

Many people in every way contribute to the *Monterey News*. Most recently the following have sent donations, for which we are always thankful.

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Gene Peters

MOGKEONTUP

The biggest rock on the shore of Lake Garfield has several names. At the Garfield Regatta last summer we discovered that a good many people call it Elephant Rock, not realizing that the true boulder of that name is over on the south side of Hupi Road, a bit east of where it meets Elephant Rock Road. The rock in Lake Garfield just east of Parker's Cove is known by old timers as Bullhead Rock. Whether it resembles the head of a bull, or the fish called

bullhead (or hornpout) isn't clear. Perhaps some knowledgeable reader can inform the *News*, and we can pass on the information.

The ancient Algonquin name for the rock, which I have just concocted from James Hammond Trumbull's *Natick Dictionary* (close enough to Mahican) is Mogkeontup (Huge Head). It refers to the head of a stone giant who met his end there by the cove. The rest of his bones are scattered in the shallows offshore, and it is easy to scrape your canoe on several of them. The story of how such an impervious monster as a stone giant came all to pieces there is quickly told, and it is a lesson to us all.

Qussukquannutonk (Stone Wall) was his name, and he made the mistake of catching a fearless little Mahican boy with the intention of eating him for supper. "Ahaa!" he rumbled. "You look perfectly delicious!"

The boy, whose name was Sqoneowonnde (Giant Killer) looked straight into the big, stony eyes and smiled. "You know you have to beat me at some game before you can eat me," he said.

This was perfectly true, but the giant was surprised that anybody knew about it. "All right," he said, and his voice rattled like boulders in a springtime freshet, "name your game."

Sqoneowonnde couldn't get his mind off stones, so without half thinking he said, "Skipping stones."

The giant grinned a granite grin and said grimly, "A poor choice for you and a good choice for me. I happen to have invented that game just fourteen hundred years ago. Now we have to find some stones. You must meet me here tomorrow at sunrise."

Of course, Sqoneowonnde agreed, and the next morning at dawn he was on his way back to the meeting place, which was right there at the entrance to Parker's Cove, but was then known as Mogkommaquogsett (Big Fishes Place). Along the way, Sqoneowonnde looked for a good flat stone that would skip on the water. He had rejected one or two as not being quite right, when a tiny voice said, "Skip me! Skip me!" It was a little turtle, no wider than three fingers, and Sqoneowonnde gratefully slipped it into his pouch.

He soon came to the giant, who was holding a flat slab of rock as big around as a wigwam. "Watch this!" he shouted. The huge arm threshed through the air, and the

stone spun out over the lake. It struck the surface with a mighty splash, skipped, splashed again and again, all the way across the lake, and crashed up into the forest on the other side, knocking down trees as it went.

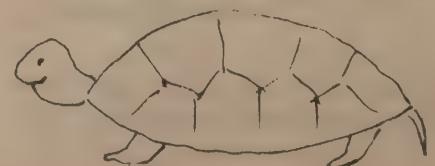
Now eight or ten skips is pretty good for most of us, and you would think Sqoneowonnde would now be afraid for his life. But he had the nerve of a giant killer, and he had great faith in his turtle. No turtle had ever spoken to him before, and he took this to be a good omen. He reached into his pouch and brought the little animal out, bottom side down. Its head and legs were tucked in, and it looked just like a small, flat stone.

Sqoneowonnde stooped and threw, and the turtle went skip, skip, skip, eight, nine, ten times, and began to slow down. But then, when it was far enough away not to be detected, it put out its legs and gave a push, and another, and another. It went on skipping all the way across the lake and then turned around and came skipping back, half way across, before it plopped under the water and was seen no more!

To understand what happened next, you have to realize that stone giants are cold creatures with very slow circulation. Though no spear or arrow can pierce their basaltic hides, neither can any unusual excess of emotion move quickly through their consciousness without drastic consequences. When he saw himself beaten at skipping stones, Qussukquannutonk forgot himself and indulged in a fine seismic rage. He uttered shattering roars of anger, and fault lines opened up all over his gigantic body. Before Sqoneowonnde's wondering eyes, the giant head rolled from its shoulders and the whole monster came down in pieces like an avalanche.

Over time, most of the bones have settled down into the water, and the lime in them has sweetened the lake for three hundred years. But Mogkeontup sits on the shore, and the stony eyes blink open every morning at dawn to see if another small boy is coming along the water's edge, all ready to play at skipping stones.

— David P. McAllester



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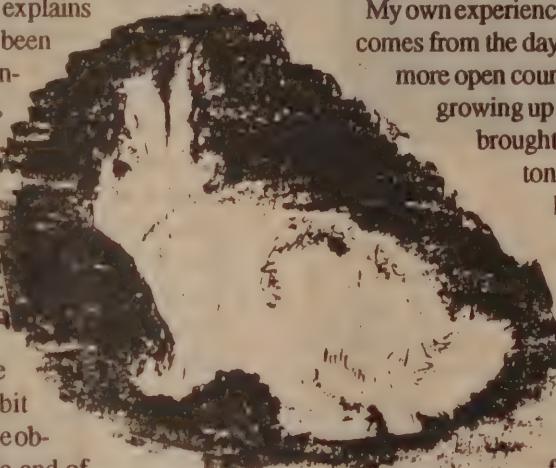
MR. RABBIT, MR. RABBIT!

When I was little I learned from a rabbit in a song that it is possible to be both humble and proud at the same time, in a delicate balance. The rabbit is addressed thus: "Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit! Your ears are mighty long." This is a criticism, not a compliment. These ears are longer than they ought to be, is the implication. The rabbit replies: "Yes, my Lord, they're put on wrong." This is a humble acceptance, almost an apology. The rabbit agrees the ears are long and explains that a mistake has been made. The critic continues: "Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit! Your ears are mighty thin." Again the rabbit can only agree and offer explanation: "Yes, my Lord, they're split in the wind." This rabbit never argues with the observation, but at the end of each verse he gives the refrain: "Every little soul has to shine, shine. Every little soul has to shine, shine."

This is so sweet, coming from a rabbit or from anyone. It is a reminder that what we got is just what we got; long or thin or however it might appear to the next guy, it is how we are and it is what we shine with.

Of course there is much more to a rabbit than ears. This is a good thing, since I long ago forgot any more of the rabbit song than what I have just put down, and have had to make up verses based on what else there is. I think it goes on to point out that the tail is mighty small. The rabbit can only say this is true, the tail is hardly there at all. The song can say how rabbits are born pink and blind and deaf, weighing only one ounce, and the rabbit would have to agree, with the reminder that every little soul has to shine, shine—also that if it weren't for such heavy predation by one creature or another, a single pair of rabbits could in five years give rise to 322,000 offspring. The ears must not be so wrong after all.

The cottontail rabbit born into today's world has only about one chance in twenty of surviving its first year of life. In spite of this, it is one of our most common mam-



mals, in field and forest, park and garden, song and story. It is also a popular subject for statistical study: one book I have says 25 million U. S. rabbits die by the gun each year and that the rabbit is "the target of 30% of all ammunition manufactured in the country." I am wondering if this is common knowledge in the Pentagon.

Eighty-five percent of all cottontail rabbits die each year, and still their numbers are stable, which means the surviving fifteen percent have no difficulty repopulating the countryside. Every little soul has to shine, shine.

My own experience with cottontails comes from the days when I lived in more open country. When I was growing up we had a cat who brought in several cottontail babies (unharmed) one Easter morning. I can't remember why she didn't eat them, if I knew at the time, but I remember we found the nest in an old manure pile which had a lot of straw in it.

It is likely the mother was nearby. Cottontails make a shallow nest during their pregnancy. They line it with fur from their breasts and bellies, which they pull out with their teeth. The female may be far from the nest when birthing comes on, in which case she will deliver wherever she is and then carry the babies to the nest. They are tiny and deep pink, with their ears and eyes sealed shut. The mother only nurses them at night, when her presence at the nest will not attract attention. During the day she pulls a blanket over the babies and hides nearby. This blanket is made of felted rabbit fur and bits of grass, and it camouflages the babies as well as keeping them

warm and dry. If a predator or another female rabbit comes around, the mother will rush out of hiding and attack with her strong hind feet.

As a gardener I am asked sometimes what I do about various animal visitors: deer, raccoons, cutworms, flea beetles. I have my answers for all of these. When asked about rabbits I just say (a little sadly—can it be true?) that we don't have any. It's easy for me to be sad about such a thing, you might say, since I don't have to contend with the voracious varmints in my lettuce. If I did I would surely turn into a Mr. MacGregor of Beatrix Potter fame, chasing after Peter Rabbit with my hoe, intending to "put my foot on him."

Now I may soon be put to the test. Just yesterday I saw a cottontail rabbit close to my garden, for the first time. I'd say it would take that rabbit at the most five minutes to reach my lettuce, hopping at a good clip.

This rabbit was in the middle of our dirt road, gnawing on the road surface. I was watching carefully through my binoculars thinking I might figure out why, but a car came along from the other direction and offered to make statistics of both the rabbit and me. Now I am working on a new verse to the song: "Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Rabbit! You're looking mighty pert." Whatever the rhyming reply, I know what the refrain is and I'll do my best to keep it in mind when the little soul switches to lettuce.

— Bonner J. McAllester

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Since my first reading of this impassioned account, I'm likely to try out the historical view on the present landscape. For example, driving south from Canaan along Route 7 into Cornwall, I see the steep, close slopes now thick with all kinds of trees above the tumbling river, and I imagine them naked, pitted, and smoking. It's a feat: my imagination doesn't like to move so rapidly between heaven and hell, and I'm instinctively suspicious of written history driven by an overarching idea of what an episode means. By dressing up the industrial devil in his dramatic prose, Mr. Smith certainly enhances the victory of his Yankee champions and the merits of their Puritan roots, for he sees thoughtful and spiritually tuned New England farmers as a strong force working against industrial greed, and crucial to the demise of the Berkshires' iron industry. In any case, there's no question that the furnaces blasted away and trees were cut. I think there was an evil undertow at work. Now, from here, we know what happened: the forest has been reborn, forged iron work of the period is collected and admired, the village blacksmith has a secure place among venerated craftsmen, and we have the comfort of the long view. One set of industrial demons laid to rest.

The long view doesn't always give comfort. Sometimes looking back turns into the painful, compulsive search for the precise moment when combining forces reached critical mass, and everything thereafter led to the present hopeless mess. This is only more melodramatic talk, but if what Mr. Smith describes was the "crude infancy, the stone age of industry," then we must be living now in its early maturity, when it has grown up enough to know the uses of a shave and a haircut, good manners, and a way with words. It can be hard to find the evil in one's own time. The demons we confront now may wear soft, quiet shoes, not boots. They may be devilishly clever, even likeable, and move quietly among us to their own ends, which may also seem to be ours. When I consider the people and things that now threaten the land and water sustaining us, I long for the din, the visible fire and smoke, the palpable social catastrophe of the exploited, endangered immigrant labor that swarmed to the furnaces.

Chard Smith calls the Housatonic "Puritan River" in the title of his book. The Mahicans of the Hudson River Valley named it simply "Beyond Mountain Place,"

Beyond Mountain Place: the Housatonic River at Woods Pond in Lenoxdale.

VOXED

About thirty years ago a roundabout hitchhiking trip from New York to Boston gave me one of my early and enduring memories of the Berkshires. I got a ride east from the New York State Thruway in a VW bug that labored slowly up and down the hills, and I looked out my window for a long time at the nearly unbroken view of New England forest. I remember thinking, What a lot of woods! I had been unaware of such a large pocket of wildness tucked among the northeastern towns and cities then prominent on my personal map.

It's a familiar fact of the region's natural history that these hills have not always been so thickly wooded, but I never had so vivid a picture of how our landscape once appeared until I read a book called *The Housatonic: Puritan River*, written in 1946 by Chard Powers Smith (Rinehart & Co., New York and Toronto). The book is now out of print, but the Monterey Library has a copy that you can read there.) Smith's history of the Upper Housatonic River Valley includes a detailed account of the local iron industry, driven by rich deposits of iron ore and limestone, and the abundant forest. Listen to this evocation of our past:

Though the furnaces were partially housed, still the great stone stacks gave up to the sky an occasional burst of glow, and the breasts of molten metal a sharper glare, while

the leather bellows on beam frames violated the echoes twenty four hours a day with animal-like growls and groans audible up to five miles. To serve the furnaces and the forges, virtually every mountain of the Berkshire and Litchfield Hills smoked with charcoal piles, and through the years the shorn wastes where the forest had been grew up their sides to the summits. As from the original hilltop farms, the uncovered soil ran off the rocks, leaving the granite hills of New England more naked than ever.

At night the prospect was awesome, when the charcoal burnings on the hills were red dots like the stars of industry, when every furnace was a sky-filling glow, and the glare when it poured was the opening of the doors of hell in the darkness, while connecting these big fires, the burning grass and trees along the railroads made a chain of eerie flame. The whole valley was become an inferno, a devil's precinct horrid with groans and explosions and speckled with hectic fires where witches crouched and Macbeths hungry for power could get what prophecies they desired. Man had shown before that he could destroy the forest. Now he was going further and showing that he could replace nature and pre-empt the landscape with horrid growths of his own seeding.

It was the crude infancy, the stone age of industry.

the Algonquin word "Housatonic." I'm not sure just what it looked like before the Puritans arrived, or how its looks have changed since, but certainly any difference is nothing like the visible change of a virgin forest all cut down. I can take my canoe most places along the river and find a setting where it's as easy to imagine then as it is to look at now. In a hurried twentieth century American life, this is a blessing and a comfort. If I were a Mahican of colonial times, my pleasure on the present day river might be compromised by the sound of traffic where it flows close to a road, or by the incredible variety and volume of trash that finds its way into the river. If I fished, I might wonder at certain lesions and discoloration on some of my catch. But I probably wouldn't be bothered by the small signs the Massachusetts Department of Public Health has posted along the river, because Mahicans then didn't read or write. Because I do, I look for ways to fit the words to the setting: "Notice: The State Department of Public Health advises the public that fish, frogs, and turtles in these waters not be used for food, because they contain concentrations of PCBs, which may be harmful to humans."

This is careful language offering good advice and speaking of possible consequences, nothing certain. I'm grateful for that, because I usually feel that partisans on both sides of environmental issues are trying to yank me around whenever they speak dramatically, with too much certainty. I know for certain that there are limits to science and predictability. I have some hunches about the resilience of Nature and

the grace of God, then others about what a joke we humans are, taking ourselves and our continued life on the planet so seriously. Each new drama replaces the last.

Water slaps the canoe quietly, and it's hard to fit the words with the scene. The left hand alone is no good, because a philosophical view too easily becomes a foundation for inaction; and the right hand is worse than useless by itself, because warriors too easily let the demands of combat push the truth around. Got to keep those two hands attached to one body. Like most simple jobs, it's not easy. But I think this is the way the world goes on. The world doesn't end, not with a bang or a whimper: it goes on, changing from virgin forest to naked hillside to new woodland, flowing like a river.

— Peter Murkett

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Text of footnote nailed to tree in photo of Woods Pond on p. 18.

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Greene Park is home to a pickup Sunday softball game going back more than fifteen years, with an uncertain few players from those early days still showing up. Suzie Kaufman once wrote a colorful history of The Game which begins, "Softball has been played in Monterey from Memorial Day to Labor Day since time began, or at least since 1975, whichever comes first. In the early years, The Game had a kind of anarchic, stream of consciousness quality. Sometimes it came together, sometimes it didn't. Sometimes the Monterey Little League took over Greene Park by eminent domain, pushing the big people into the wilderness of Hupi Road, where the grass tickled your belly if you played without a shirt. No one would have imagined in those primitive times that The Game would be featured in David Emblidge's 1986 travelogue, *The Berkshire Book: A Complete Guide*." New talent mixes with the old as players come and go, keeping The Game lively. Above, Dave Guartha at bat. Right, just some of the rest of the action, same time, same place. There's basketball, too (See p 5).



P. MURKETT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

July 6, 1993

To the Editor:

When a three day holiday weekend ends on a Monday, as occurred this past July Fourth weekend, why must second home owners be forced to either take their garbage back with them to their primary residence, or palm off their garbage on permanent residents? Would it be so difficult for the town to make an exception and open the dump on that Monday (even if only for a few hours), or to make other arrangements?

Opening the dump would, of course, mean inconveniencing whoever has to man the facility. Not opening the dump means inconveniencing quite a few second home owners. Surely the town can be more sensitive to this issue in the future.

— Ira Transport

The following letter was inadvertently omitted from the July News:

June 13, 1993

To the Editor:

The third year of our Monterey Tag Sale has seen continued growth and success.

Again our thanks to Gale Forbes for the time and effort she puts into it.

— Lillian P. Oislander

WRITERS

The *Monterey News* needs articulate individuals to report the activities of town boards and write other suitable stories. If you're interested in finding out what's up and like to write, call Peter Murkett at

528-9937



The Women's Fellowship wishes to thank all who helped make their recent bake sale a success. They raised \$118 for the Church.

Peter S. Vallianos
Attorney at Law
528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers, and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

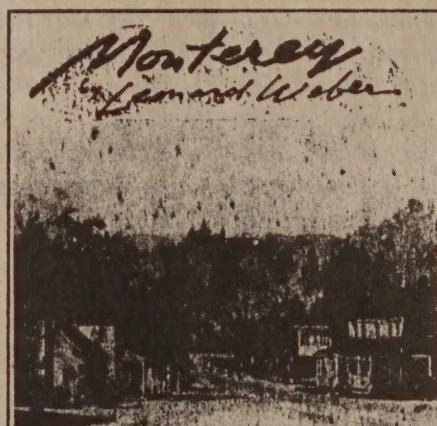
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PERSONAL NOTES

Our congratulations to Tom Morrison and Pam Gauthier on their engagement. They're planning an August 28 wedding at Our Lady of the Hills Chapel on Beartown Mountain Road. Pam is the daughter of Bob and Barbara Gauthier of Main Road, and Tom hails from Keene, New Hampshire.

Congratulations also to Mark Makuc and Mary Ram on their engagement. Their wedding is planned for September 11 at Our Lady of the Hills Chapel. Mark is the son of Henry and Anne Marie Makuc of Main Road. Mary, from Milford, Massachusetts, is presently employed at Gould Farm.

Hats off to Julie Kotler of Main Road, who came away with both the women's doubles and the mixed doubles trophies at the annual Fourth of July Tennis Tournament held at Wyantenuck Country Club in Great Barrington. Julie and her mixed doubles partner, Steve Cohen, defended their title for the fourth straight year, and she teamed up with her sister Jennifer for the women's title. Julie is a part time resident of Monterey, who recently graduated from high school in New York and will be attending Cornell University this fall. She is an accomplished tennis player, ranked #1 in the East in junior rankings, and #50 in the nation. Wow! A round of applause from your Monterey fans, Julie!

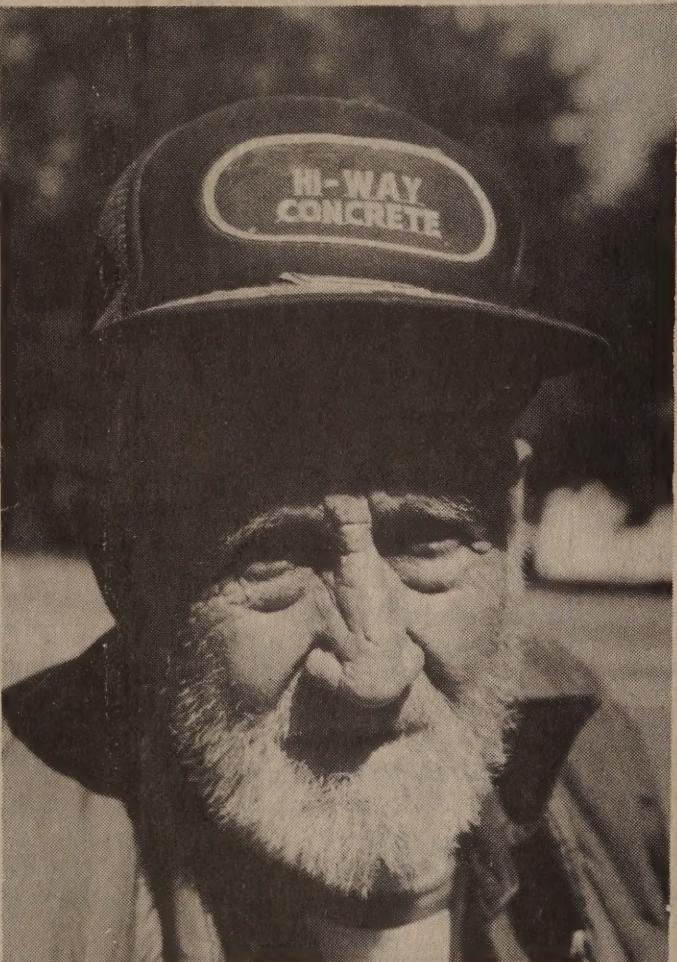
Our hearty congratulations to Fire Chief Ray Tryon, who was named a hometown hero and honored at the July 9 production of The Big Apple Circus in Great Barrington. You do us all proud, Ray!

Welcome back to Bob and Barbara Gauthier, who recently basked in two weeks of beautiful weather at their cottage in York Beach, Maine.

Alf and Lena Pedersen enjoyed a two week visit from their eldest daughter Ellen, who is presently living in Florida.

Drs. David and Jean Baldersten of New York City were weekend guests of Edith Wilson. David officiated at the burial of Helen Shaw in Corashire Cemetery on July 11. Helen's daughter Sue came from Florida, and put lots of TLC into the lakeside home.

Mark Paul is back in Monterey recovering from a broken pelvis suffered in an auto accident in Ohio while visiting his



A special birthday greeting to Alton "Grampa" Heath on August 22. A familiar sight around town for many years with his colorful, handcrafted wooden trucks, "The Monterey Toymaker" is now living at Great Barrington Healthcare. Until Christmas time of last year, he was still at his toymaking, and is busy now collecting ideas, anxious to get back to the workshop as soon as he is fully recovered from recent surgery.

mother. Best wishes to Mark for a full and speedy recovery.

Shaen O'Connor, son of John and Anne Marie O'Connor, had a great time at the week long soccer camp he attended at Wesleyan University in Connecticut, making lots of new friends and learning lots of new drills and skills.

Tasha Grotz introduced eleven fellow Dartmouth sophomores to Monterey

over the July Fourth weekend. They love this place, and all vow to return soon.

It was a spectacular day for the Twelfth Annual 4.5 Mile Monterey Road Race, held on Saturday, July 17. Mike Morrissey, Jr., of North Adams, won overall, completing the challenging Knox Trail Run in a course record time of 23 minutes, 44 seconds; Diane Tedford of Pittsfield won the women's division overall, with a time of 27:44. Tanya Allison, Ron McMahon, Bob Gauthier, and Ann Lyons, are all Monterey runners who placed in their divisions. A total of fifty seven racers took part, with an additional ten competing in the children's Fun Run. We join all the runners in thanking Bob Gauthier, race organizer, who received a rowdy and well-deserved round of applause for making this Monterey event one of the more competitive, also enjoyable and popular running events in Berkshire County. Bob's thanks to Dean and Fran Amidon, and all others who gave their time to make the race a success.

Several Monterey students were again named to various honor roll lists. At Monument Mountain High School in Great Barrington, in Grade Eleven, Meghan Sadlowski achieved High Honors, and in Grade Ten, Joshua Aerie achieved High Honors. At Searles Middle School, Arianna Aerie achieved High Honors in grade Six. At Mount Everett Regional School in Sheffield, for the fourth quarter, in Grade Twelve, Chris Burkhardt and Tracy Wood made Honors; in Grade Eleven, Leah Bohn and Bruce Snow made High Honors, and Tish Thorpe made Honors; in Grade Ten, Erin Piretti made High Honors, and in Grade Nine, Kevin Ohman and Jason Tanner made Honors. On the Seventh and Eighth Grade list, Eoin Higgins, Bethany Sadlowski, Chelsea Tillet, and Jeremy Vallianos made Honors in Grade Seven, and in Grade Eight, Shaylan Burkhardt, Morgan Clawson, and William Conklin made High Honors, and Joseph Kopetchny and Noah Wright made

Honors. Whew! But that's not all!

Jen Brown and Paul Bynack achieved Honors and were named to the Dean's list at Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield for the spring semester. Our hearty congratulations, and keep up the great work, all of you!

Very happy birthday wishes this month to Chelsey Smith on August 2, to David McAllester on August 6, to Ann Burns Smith on August 7, to P. J. Sheridan on August 9, to Kate Olds on August 15, to Michelle Grotz and Judith Westenberg on August 20, to Ann McGinley on August 26, and last, but of course not least, to Rick Mielke on August 30.

Your contributions are appreciated! Please continue to share news items, birthdays, etc. Simply give me a call, 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, just Main Road. Thanks. Photos submitted with your items will be used when possible, and returned to you.

— Stephanie Grotz

CALENDAR

Thursday, August 5 International Folk Dancing led by Karl Finger at the Lenox Community Center, 85 Walker Street, Lenox, Mass., 8 p.m. Full instruction, no partners or prior experience necessary. All levels, all ages. Contribution \$6. Information, 528-2963.

Sunday, August 8 Opening reception at The Gallery in Monterey for GREEN Gallery and Invited Artists, 2-4 p.m.

Wednesday and Thursday, August 11

and 12 Spectacular Perseid meteor showers, after dark. (See article, p. 8.)

Wednesday, August 11 Community Dinner, Monterey United Church of Christ Social Room, 6:30 p.m. Larry Bates will present a slide talk on Everglades National Park. Information, 528-6888.

Thursday, August 12

International Folk Dancing led by Karl Finger at the Lenox Community Center, 85 Walker Street, Lenox, Mass., 8 p.m. Full instruction, no partners or prior experience necessary. All levels, all ages. Contribution \$6. Information, 528-2963.

Composting workshop sponsored by CET at the pavilion behind the firehouse, Monterey, 7-9 p.m. Preordered compost bins may be picked up 6-7 p.m. Information, 1-800-238-1221. (See article, p. 3)

Saturday, August 14

Concert with cellist David Darling and Critical Theory Jazz Ensemble, Monterey United Church of Christ, 7:30 p.m. Adults, \$12; students, \$8; children under 12, \$5. Information, 528-5850.

Square and Contra Dance, New England style, 8:30-11:30 p.m. at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel Band. Refreshments served. Adults \$5, children \$2 to dance until intermission. Information: 528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Tuesday, August 17 Free blood pressure clinic, downstairs at the town hall, 9-10:30 a.m.

Thursday, August 19 International Folk

Dancing led by Karl Finger at the Lenox Community Center, 85 Walker Street, Lenox, Mass., 8 p.m. Full instruction, no partners or prior experience necessary. All levels, all ages. Contribution \$6. Information, 528-2963.

Friday, August 20 Lisa Simpson, Director of The Bidwell House, will speak on "Researching Your Old House" at the General Knox Museum, next to the Monterey Library, 8 p.m. Sponsored by the Monterey Historical Society. Information, 528-3698.

Saturday, August 21

Annual food sale sponsored by the Monterey Grange No 291, on the lawn of the Monterey Library, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Blacksmithing workshop with Ian Jenkins, The Bidwell House, 2-4 p.m. Non-museum members, \$5; museum members, \$3. Information, 528-6888.

Saturday, August 28

Lake Garfield Ass'n meeting at the firehouse, 10 a.m. Discussion of septic systems—design, care, regulation.

Square and Contra Dance, New England style, 8:30-11:30 p.m. at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel Band. Refreshments served. Adults \$5, children \$2 to dance until intermission. Information: 528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-1409.

To receive complete information regarding advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-9937.

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Contributions from local artists this month: p. 4, Maureen Banner; p.7, Ben Laux; p.8, Pete Murkett; p.10, pine woodcut, Sudi Baker; p. 12, Sudi Baker; p. 13, Bob Johnson; p.16, Pete Murkett; p. 17, Bonner McAllester; p. 21, pine woodcut, Cora Baker.

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